

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 980.]

SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER.

[PRICE 2d.

SPIRIT OF THE ANNUALS FOR 1840.

Beath's Book of Beauty.

[Is as beauteous and engaging as ever—illuminated as it is by choice engravings, especially the portrait of the Countess Zavadowsky, and enriched with such a pleasing variety of letter-press, that will be eagerly read, being so rich in delicious poetical breathings. We can only quote the following effusion by Sir E. L. Bulwer.]

The Wife to the Wooer.

Well, then, since scorn has failed to cure
The low you press so blindly,
For once your reasons I'll endure,
And answer follies kindly:
I'll grant that you, more fair and gay
Than Luke to some may be;
But light itself, when he's away,
Is never gay to me!
Then go—then go; for whether or no
He's fair, he's so to me!

Its woods your summer-love may wreath
In florid smiles and gladness;
His lips, more often, only breathe
The trouble and the sadness—
But ah! so sweet a trust to truth,
That confidence of care!
More joy one grief of his to soothe
Than all your bliss to share.
Then go—then go; for whether or no
He grieve, 'tis bliss to share!

You say that he can meet or leave
Unmoved—content without me;
Nor rocks what suares neglect may weave—
Too heedless ev'n to doubt me!
Ah! jealous cares are poor respect!
He knows my heart, my guide;
And what you deem is to neglect,
I feel is to confide!
Then go—then go; for whether or no,
I'll think he does confide.

And Luke, you say, can sternly look,
And sometimes speak severely;
Your eyes, your vow, could we'er rebuke—
Your whispers breathe austere.
How know you of the coming cares
His anxious eyes foresee?
Perhaps the shade his temper wears
Is thought for mine and me!
Then go—then go; for whether or no,
His frown has smiles for me.

But Luke, you hint, to others gives
The love that he denies me;
And hard, you say, in youth to live,
Without one heart to prize me!
Well, if the parent rose be shed,
The buds are on the stem;
My babes! his love can ne'er be dead
Its soul has fled to them.
Then go—then go!—His rival? No;
His rival lives in them.

The Keepsake,

[LADY Emmeline Stuart Wortley has enriched this Annual with two specially interesting letters from the illustrious Lady Rachel Russell: they seem trifling, but their great value is in throwing a light over the domestic manners of times long since fled.]

"4th June, 1700.

"I'me glad you have got y^e picture for tho' I believe it may not be valuable from y^e goodness of y^e work, yet I doubt not but you prize it, as being y^r Grandmother, I spose you want no more tea, but if you do I can supply, for I bought one pound of the City tea, y^e better sort, and being one day at Lady Sunderlands we drank tea was good I thought and saying soe she commended it highly, and then I asked her where she had, she said of Mr. Segworth t'was the best Keper in towne and she believed she could help me to a pound, but I took no notice of her saying soe, but however the day after her Lady was gone, hur servant brought me a pound, I asked what it cost he said 30 shil: so I found t'was not a present, I keep it close and t'other also, and if want not perhaps they shal be unopened, or at least halfe pound pots, when you come up, I know not a silable of newes; our vacant places y^r will be, we do not hear who shal fill them; and one more is like to fal, — is very ill spitting blood, it seems an old complaint but very bad now. Soe is as I beleve ratcliffe thinks Lady Alington she was to go to y^e bath in al hast, but in a few days he changed his mind, says she is to weak and now must drink brisow waters here, and change the aire, he thinks hur lungs touched, she continues low and faint, my brother james is not wel, a terrible cough really like a chin cough, and is mighty stufed too so y^r later in y^e night he was forced to let blood, and continues feavourish, he had a blister laid on— I have not heard to day how he is but shal before I seal. Lord bedforde holds up wel, Tomorrow is y^e instalment at winsor, I conclude, tho' ther has bin a report because y^e Lord albemaries mother is dead the ceremony should be put off but I guesse a little malice in y^r lord devon, lord rochester and lord Dorset are y^e assistant lords, y^e — has y^e duchesse of norfolks jewels—they talke she is near a marriage, but nobody names who, nor wife for y^e lord at present; we linger in our remove for Straton, no day yet set, y^e sister has not got off hur cold yet at y^e chimney firing, but I hope to send you word she is

prity wel today. at present my services con-
clude from yr affect. mother,

"Yr sister is finely wel. R. RUSSELL."

"From the Same to the Same."

"I have bin under great anxietie til ye post came yesterday, for tho' Belvoir is so strong a building and I feared accidents ther as little as any where, yet so many dismal ons have fallen upon so many y^r w^od justifie a mighty apprehension. I blesse God we are al wel, but the chimney were my son and his wife lay fel, and y^e bricks and soot coming downe y^e chimney made them rise at six a clock and come in my drawingroome; y^e wal of y^e garden fel next y^e field and al y^e trees bent one side to y^e very ground. But at Straton my losse is worse in al respects, by farmes torn to pieces, corne and hay dispersed seen hanging on y^e trees, and amongs y^e trees neer the house the fir grove, as richard writes, intirely broke and tore up by y^e roots; I send Sponser tomorrow to sie if tis in nature possible to get up but a row round y^e ground. hampshire is al desolation. devon-house escapet better than any house I heare of. Many killed in country as wel as in towne. Lady penelope wicklesse killed in her bed at ther country house, and he in y^e sam bed saved, a peice of timber falling betweene his legs, and kept of y^e bricks, but 'tis innumerable y^e mischiefs and y^e preservations; sea matters yet too uncertaine, so sertaine beaumont lost, and wonderfully lamented, and 5 ships upon y^e sands, no newes yet y^a to be relyed on of Sir Shovel; I'm sorry y^r lord lost his match, but really the present calamity takes up al my thoughts. 'Tis time to dine, as must end y^e from yr affect. mother,

"R. RUSSELL."

"Tuesday 30 November."

[Lady E. S. Wortley's account of a banquet given to her by the Khosrow Pasha, at his palace on the banks of the Bosphorus, is full of interest; and from which we make the following extracts:—]

"As soon as the doors were opened, I was met by the Seraaskier's wife, who advanced with much grace and dignity to greet me, accompanied by the Greek lady I mentioned before: the Seraaskier's wife welcomed me in the kindest and most courteous manner imaginable. She was no longer young, but possessed the remains of very great and resplendent beauty; her features were exquisitely modelled; her complexion and skin still very fine; her eyes of eastern darkness, depth, and softness, and her hair silky and glossy, and of a beautiful auburn hue. Her picturesque and superb costume it would be difficult to describe, and, to the uninitiated in the complicated details of a Turkish lady's toilette, such description would only present a series of confused names, and afford no correct or distinct idea. I will therefore avoid dilating upon all

the multifarious mysteries of robes, anterie, girdles, turbans, &c., and merely state, that the *tout ensemble* was the perfection of magnificence and splendour, and would put all the professors of mortal millinery in modern Europe to the blush. My courteous hostess conducted me to the top of the room, and placed me by her side on a luxuriantly-cushioned throne-like seat, reaching along the whole length of the windows, which entirely occupied the upper end of that princely apartment, spreading from side to side, ascending from the floor to the ceiling. The Prussian Baroness was seated on a chair placed on the side, and the Greek lady and her two daughters nearly opposite. As soon as I had leisure to look around me, I was struck by the brilliant appearance presented by a large assemblage of sumptuously-attired slaves, who stood before us in graceful attitudes, motionless as a group of beautiful statues; no train of duchesses, and high-born damsels at court, ever displayed such wealth of matchless jewellery, I verily believe, certainly never such splendid variety of apparel; they all were long flowing trains of most resplendent colours, and exquisite materials, loading the floor with a weight of richness. Their loss, sweeping, immense outer sleeves, hung down to their feet, finely fringed, bordered, and flowered, or starred all over with sparkling gold and silver, or wrought all of vivid and various dyes; but have I not vowed not to be verbose on the subject of dresses and draperies, silks and satins, gold and gear?"

These gorgeously-clad prisoners made much of their visitor. When she went to take leave of them after the feast, the Seraaskier's wife offered the Englishwoman "the young hour," a maiden of great loveliness, as a present for her husband! and yet more, in the fulness of great intimacy, subjected Lady E. S. Wortley to "such a tremendous dose of tickling," that the latter had like to have gone into convulsions. We must have a snatch at the banquet which prefaced these courtesies:—

"The interior of the room made me think of Aladdin's palace; but my eyes and my imagination were completely dazzled, and the gorgeous vision seemed to overtax the senses, and to assume the vague features of a dream. I was recalled, however, from my aerial phantasies to earthly realities and sober reason, by the Seraaskier asking me whether I would prefer a dinner in the Turkish or in the Christian fashion. The Prussian Baron, who happened to be standing by me, whispered, 'Choose the Turkish, pray!' and I directly did so. The Pasha looked much pleased, and directed us to take our seats at a table placed near the window overlooking the river. In the middle of this table was an immense tureen of soup; beautifully embroidered napkins, fringed with gold, were laid in readiness for the use of each guest, but neither plates, knives, or forks, were to be seen; spoons, indeed, there were in profusion. As soon as we were regar-

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around the table, servants came, and brought a most splendid cloth of tissue of gold and silver, of very large size, wrought all over with coloured flowers and devices; this they arranged so as to go completely round the table, covering us all from the waist to the knees. Besides this, they fastened the embroidered napkins round our shoulders and throats. We must have presented a rather singular appearance, clothed, as we were, in this sumptuous array!—Each person then armed himself with a spoon of somewhat formidable dimensions; and, I confess, I began to regret the rash precipitation and presumption of my choice—my fool-hardy intrepidity—and to tremble for what was to follow; a consciousness of fearful awkwardness rushed upon me! How was I to convey the liquid from the vessel in which it was deposited to its destination without spilling some drops over the beauteous shroud which enveloped me! for I felt my practised hand would falter in the act! I met the person, too, who was expected and called upon to begin. The Seraskier looked on, smilingly, at my embarrassment—there was a pause—an awful one;—now for the plunge—the onset! At this moment, our good-natured host relieved me from my uneasy situation, by begging me to lay aside my spoon, to divest myself of my share of the splendid but somewhat cumbrous paraphernalia of the table, and invited us all to partake of a Frank dinner, instead of a Turkish one, (which former appeared to have been prepared by magic,) saying with a laugh, that we had played at eating a Mahometan repast, we should now in reality assist in demolishing a Christian one; adding, that he thought we had at present a good idea of what a dinner *à la-Turque* was. He then rose from his seat and led the way to a table in the centre of the saloon; we all followed his example, nothing loth, and found this table in every way arranged according to the most approved notions of civilized European life: knives, forks, spoons, plates, &c., in rich abundance. Everything was in perfection of taste, and in great splendour."

The Picturesque

This year is devoted to Windsor Castle, and its enchanting environs. In giving some interesting particulars from Froissart and Ashmole, relative to the noble Order of the Garter, treats the reader with the ceremonies observed on the degradation of the knights of this truly illustrious order.]

"The ensigns of the order are not to be withdrawn from a knight, during life, unless guilty of some of those marks of reproach, set down in King Henry VIII's statutes, viz., luxury, treason, or flying from battle. It has sometimes been found, that prodigality has been made a fourth point, where a knight has so wasted his estate, as to be incapable of

supporting his dignity. The pretence for divesting William, Lord Paget, 6 Edw. VI., was, his not being a gentleman of blood, both by father and mother. But felony comes not within the compass of this statute, as not being expressly mentioned among the reproaches there summed up; and so it was adjudged in a chapter, 14 Jac. 1, in the case of Robert, Earl of Somerset, then lately condemned for that fact, whereon his hatchments were not removed. When a knight-companion is found guilty of the offences mentioned in King Henry VIII's statutes, he is usually degraded at the next chapter, of which the sovereign gives the knights-companions previous notice; and then commands Garter to attend such of them as are appointed to go to the convict knight, who, in a solemn manner, first takes from him the George and ribbon, and then his garter. And at the ensuing feast of St. George, or sooner, if the sovereign appoint it, publication of his crimes and degradation is made by Garter. Next, Garter, by warrant to that purpose, takes down his achievement, on which service he is vested in his coat of arms, and the officers of arms standing about him, the black rod also present. First Garter reads aloud the instruments of degradation, after which one of the heralds, who is placed ready on a ladder set to the back of the convict knight's stall, at the words expelled, and put from among the arms, takes his crest, and violently casts it down into the choir, after that his banner and sword; and when the publication is read out, all the officers of arms spurn the achievements out of the choir, into the body of the church, first the sword, then the banner, and last of all the crest, so out of the west door, thence to the bridge and over into the ditch; and thus it was done at the degradation of Edward, Duke of Buckingham, 13 Hen. VIII. Their plates are likewise taken down from their stalls, and carried away. Degradation not being alone thought sufficient, it was debated in chapter, 32 Henry VIII., whether the names of such knights-companions as were convicted of treason, should remain in the registers, or be razed out; where the sovereign determined, that whosoever the actions or names of such offenders should be found, these words [vnh proditor] should be written in the margin; by which means the register would be preserved fair, and not defaced with razures or blots."

[The following particulars, relating to Edward and the Countess of Salisbury, are particularly interesting:—]

Wark Castle had been presented by him to the Earl of Salisbury, when Sir William Montacute, as a recompence for his valour and loyal services; and it would appear that the beauty and noble qualities of his celebrated countess inspired his followers in that chivalrous age with more than an ordinary degree of courage and devotion. During the defence of

the castle against the Scots, King Edward arrived in the neighbourhood. The besiegers withdrew, in turn; and the countess was honoured by a visit from the victorious monarch. In Froissart's words, "every one was delighted with her: the king could not take his eyes off her, as he thought he had never before seen so beautiful or sprightly a lady; so that a spark of fine love struck upon his heart, which lasted a long time, for he did not believe that the whole world produced any other lady so worthy of being beloved." After awhile, the king, unable to conceal his emotion, had the boldness to acknowledge his love; but the lady appears to have been proof against the allurements of royalty. "Sweet Sir," replied the countess, "do not amuse yourself in laughing at, or tempting me; for I cannot believe you dream what you have just said, or that so noble and gallant a prince as you are, would ever think to dishonour me or my husband, who is so valiant a knight, who has served you faithfully, and who, on your account, now lies in prison. Certainly, Sir, this would not add to your glory; nor would you be the better for it. Such a thought has never once entered my mind, and I trust in God it never will, for any man living: and if I were so culpable, it is you who ought to blame me, and have my body punished through strict justice." The king left his room, and came to the hall; where, after he had washed his hands, he seated himself with his knights to the dinner, as did the lady also; but the king ate very little, and was the whole time pensive, casting his eyes, whenever he had an opportunity, towards the Countess. Such behaviour surprised his friends; for they were not accustomed to it, and had never seen the like before. They imagined, therefore, that it was by reason of the Scots having escaped him. The king remained at the castle the whole day, without knowing what to do with himself. Sometimes he remonstrated with himself, that honour and loyalty forbid him to admit such treason and falsehood into his heart, as to wish to dishonour so virtuous a lady, and so gallant a knight as her husband was, and who had ever so faithfully served him. At other times his passion was so strong, that his honour and loyalty were not thought of. Thus did he pass that day, and a sleepless night, in debating the matter in his own mind. At day-break he arose, drew out his whole army, decamped and followed the Scots, to chase them out of his kingdom. Upon taking leave of the countess, he said, "My dear lady, God preserve you until I return; and I entreat that you will think well of what I have said, and have the goodness to give me a different answer."—"Dear sir," replied the countess, "God of his infinite goodness preserve you, and drive from your heart such villanous thoughts, for I am, and always shall be, ready to serve you, consistently with my own honour, and with yours."

The Oriental Annual.

[We turn with undiminished pleasure to the splendid *Oriental Annual*, and cannot refrain extracting two pure oriental tales.]

Akbar Shah the Second, died in October, 1837, when nearly eighty-two years of age; he was succeeded by Prince Mirza Mohammed Aboo Zaffir, under the titles of Aboul Mazaafir Suruj-ud-Deen Mohummed Bahadour Sani Shah. In honour of the occasion, royal salutes were fired by the British troops at all the principal military stations, and congratulations, with presents, were forwarded to the new emperor by the governor-general. I have frequently seen this new Great Mogul, and, judging by his appearance, I should say that he cannot be much under sixty years of age, though some allowance be made for the effects of a life of royal excess. His character is not remarkable for any thing great or good. The only interesting matter attached to his history is of a very sad nature, and a stain upon his long list of imperial titles. It is thus told:—

Only a few years since, among the attendants of his consort, was a very lovely girl about sixteen years of age, whose charms excited a strong passion in the heart of the prince. Being a virtuous girl, she turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, and rejected all his proffered bribes with scorn; in consequence of which she was put under a severe course of daily punishment, and her delicate person subjected to the most cruel stripes and privation. She bore her sufferings with patient resignation, until they were aggravated beyond human endurance, "when one night, about half-past ten o'clock," according to the account given by the *Durpun*, a native newspaper, "she covered her face with her *chuddur*, and wrapping her *rasai* about her, she threw herself from the top of the south-west tower of the palace wall into the dry ditch below, sixty feet; and having broken all her bones, and fractured her skull, the poor child uttered one piercing shriek, and expired."

General and particular accounts both of ancient and modern Delhi, are to be found in about nine out of every ten Oriental works, whether of history or of personal narrative; I shall, therefore, confine my local descriptions to those scenes which form the immediate subjects of the accompanying plates. Not the city only, but the whole country round about it, would appear to be an inexhaustible mine of antiquarian treasure; and whether the traveller visits it for the first or for the ninety-ninth time, he may find a thousand novelties to delight him, and entice him to a protracted sojourn; if only his love of the truly sublime and beautiful be superior to the extremes of heat, dust, noise, insects, and evil odour. Elves and demons may alike find fitting haunts in Delhi. Among its scattered piles of arched palaces, its pillared courts, out-topped with tapering minarets and shining domes, its heaps of blackened tombs, its prostrate towers,

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and opening vaults, fantastical romance and brooding mystery, have each their proper homes. Erewhille

I took it for a fairy region
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play 't' th' plighted clouds;

and now, though not a passing shadow has fallen to change my mood, nor yet a sound has stolen upon the air—

The tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And about a chilliness to my trembling heart.

Many of the most beautiful specimens of these relics are now dissolving so rapidly, owing to the destructive extremes of the climate, that in a few short years they will be no more seen. The gateway, which is exhibited in the annexed plate, is hastening to the dust. The scorching sun strikes in and opens wide its gaping seams; and the streaming mists of each returning monsoon, as they pour through its crannied walls, are hurrying it, stone by stone, wall by wall, into the ravines below. The style of its architecture is peculiar to the time of Jehanghir, but its history appears to be doubtful; for some among the tradition-vendors at Delhi represent it as having been the entrance to the empress Nur Jehan's state apartments, while others affirm that it formed part of the palace of Etesaund-Dowla, the father of that illustrious lady. Whether it be one or the other, it is equally an object of interest to the natives, who appear to have as much reverence for the name of the father, because he was the father of the renowned Nur Jehan, as they have for the memory of the daughter herself. The histories of these celebrated persons are rendered the more imperishable from their connexion with that of the intrepid and persecuted Shere Afghan, who, after having evaded the malice and jealousy of Jehanghir, by a hundred gallant exploits, was at last treacherously murdered by a band of conspirators, acting under the orders of that monarch. Their united histories form one of the most romantic passages in the annals of the Mogul emperors of Delhi. The historian, Tarih Kahi Kahn, has related it with but little of those extravagant redundancies which Oriental writers of all ages have esteemed as beauties.

The Sanctity of a Moslem Priest,

A truly devout follower of the Prophet cannot allude, without an awe-inspired thrill; albeit the Prophet is represented as having executed an ample vengeance upon the malefactor. The facts, as gathered from Ferishta, are these:—

"During the battle of Tumbola, wherein the army of Ahmud Shah Wulli Bahmuni, king of Bidur, had been engaged from the dawn of day until nightfall, in uninterrupted conflict with the doubly-numerous forces of Ahmud Shah Guzeratti, king of Gaserat, the

day was repeatedly saved to the king of Bidur by the favour of one Saidur Nasur-ad-Deen Kurbali, a most holy man; who, having the spirit of prophecy, continually foretold the designs and manoeuvres of Ahmud Shah Guzeratti, and thus enabled his prince to counteract them. After the close of night, both parties retreated towards their capitals, and Ahmud Shah Wulli Bahmuni suitably rewarded Nasur-ad-Deen, by conferring upon him five thousand *tunkas* of silver for his own benefit, and thirty thousand to be distributed in alms among the poor, and among the holy men, at Kurbala*. Having obtained his dismissal from the court, Nasur-ad-Deen was upon his road homeward, on horseback, and arrived about noon-day at the spot in question.

"It happened that here one Shere Moolluk, an officer of high rank in the army of Ahmud Shah Wulli Bahmuni, and several of his comrades, were seated under the shade of the grove, enjoying each other's ribald wit, in concert with the bubbling of their *Asakhas*. These reprobates, being well acquainted with the saintly character of the traveller who was passing them, continued nevertheless their noisy revels, and Nasur-ad-Deen, disgusted at the loose style of their conversation, spat upon the ground as he rode by them. Shere Moolluk, offended at this insult, called aloud to the traveller to dismount immediately, and with lowly reverence atone for his insolence. Now, as the Saidur took no heed, but continued to ride leisurely forward, the irate soldier commanded his men to drag him to the ground. Incensed at this outrage, Saidur Nasur-ad-Deen Kurbali rode back directly to the capital, and complained to the king, who pacified him, at the moment, by promising that the offence should never be forgotten, reminding him, with a mild rebuke for his want of proper confidence, that Alla and the Prophet would not neglect, on a fit occasion, to avenge his cause. Some time afterwards, upon the breaking up of the army, when it was customary to distribute honorary robes to distinguished officers previously to their return home, the king's eyes fell upon Shere Moolluk, and he recollected, in an instant, the infamous insult which that person had formerly offered to his favourite Saidur. He immediately gave orders that a certain infuriate elephant, named Kusanab (the Butcher), should be brought, and reminding Shere Moolluk of his impious conduct to Nasur-ad-Deen, ordered that he should be cast under the feet of that terrible animal, which, in one minute, crushed him as a pig would crush an egg; and he lay upon the ground, as lifeless as if his bones had been converted into dagger-hilts, and his skin into scabbards."

* This was the birthplace of Saidur Nasur-ad-Deen Kurbali, as denoted by the affixure to his name, and is a place of very great sanctity in Mesopotamia. According to Colonel Briggs, it is the spot whereon Hussein, the grandson of the Prophet Mohammed, was killed, and where he lies interred.

[In illustration of the sparkling engraving of that enchanting spot—the Madressa Bidar—we have these interesting remarks:—]

The Madressa was built by the renowned chief Mahmood Gawan, of whose untimely fate mention is made in a former page, under the description of Penkonda. The foundation was laid about A. D. 1460, and the building was designed to form part of a magnificent square, which, upon the opposite side, contained also the great mosque, and many other public buildings; the whole having been erected by the same chief, and called after him the Gawan-ki-Chouk, but afterwards named by Aurungzebe the Turkt-Mahal. In the time of Ferishta, who was born A. D. 1570, this splendid range of buildings remained as perfect as if it had only just been completed; and, wonderful to relate, all the edifices were then still applied to the purposes for which they were designed by their founder. This lively historian, in enlarging upon the munificence of Mahmood Gawan, affirms that that hero was not only possessed of very extensive general knowledge, but that, unassisted, by dint of great perseverance, he had made himself master of many abstruse branches of learning and science. In mathematics and engineering he is said to have had no equal in his day; and he also evinced great taste in his literary compositions, a few of which are still existing. The most perfect is the *Rozub-ul-Basha*; but other poems, and fragments of descriptive composition, are preserved in the works of Moolana Jami Abdool Raiman, and of Moolia Abdool Kurraim Sihndi.

The nicety and great strength with which these elegant buildings were constructed, would, doubtless, have enabled them to have remained complete until the present day, had it not been for the ravages of the depopler, and the chance of war; for, after the capture of the city by the Emperor Aurungzebe, at the close of the seventeenth century, the whole of this superb quadrangle was appropriated to the purposes of the invader's troops; the imperial halls were converted into barracks, and the Madressa itself was used as a powder-magazine. Alas! that it should have been so! As an evil destiny would have it, some powder was ignited, by an exasperated soldier, who, for the purpose of avenging himself upon a comrade with whom he was quarrelling, cast a burning *goole** from his *chillaum* into a powder-cell. In a moment the whole magazine exploded, destroying the greater part of the beautiful building, and spreading destruction on all sides. Other accounts state the manner of the occurrence very differently. The traveller Thevenot, for instance, relates a tale which makes the explosion take place before the city had surrendered to Aurungzebe. He tells us that, when invested by that invader, it was governed by a veteran officer,

a noble of tried fidelity and great courage, who indignantly rejected all the efforts of the Delhi emperor to corrupt him, and successfully kept him at bay for many days. A practicable breach was, however, at length made in the wall, and the signal was already given for the assault, when suddenly—as some affirm, by the fall of a rocket, or, as others insist, by the orders of the commandant, who preferred death to subjection—the magazine within the Madressa blew up, at a moment when the roof was covered with the garrison, who had assembled upon it for the purpose of selling their lives as dearly as possible. It is almost needless to add, that all persons thereon perished: among them were the governor and his three sons.

It is certainly extraordinary that any uncertainty should exist concerning so signal an event, and one which occurred at no very remote period; at a time, indeed, concerning which historians have, for the most part, been tediously explicit. Of the fact, however, there is no question; indeed, evident traces of the shock are to be observed even to this day, and all relations agree in mentioning that so fearful was the explosion, that the massive vaulted roof was carried high in the air, and fell in a shower of stones upon the city; moreover, the minaret, near which was stowed the great bulk of the powder, was seen to reel and fro, till losing its equilibrium, it fell against the ruined base of a neighbouring wall, and the beautiful shaft was shivered in twain about forty feet from its foundation. The lower part still stands in an inclined position. The other minaret remains entire, and presents a goodly specimen of what these magnificent erections once were. It is upwards of a hundred and thirty feet in height, and elaborately decorated with *chabeta*, inlaid so as to form various elegant figures, in which, sentences of the Kheran are inscribed in large white characters, three feet in height, upon an enamelled ground of green and gold.

The noble founder of this magnificent college had collected, during his adventurous and successful life, one of the most extensive libraries mentioned in the history of Hindostan. He bequeathed it to the Madressa for the use of the students, together with a great number of his own manuscripts and drawings; but it does not appear that there is any remnant of them left. Whether they were carried off and dispersed before Aurungzebe's time, or destroyed in "Aurungzebe's explosion," remains for the investigation of such as may be anxious to ascertain. Mahmood Gawan appears to have delighted more in the possession of his books, his elephants, and horses, than in all the vast magnificence and wealth which his royal master had so profusely lavished upon him.

* Fire-balls, used in the *Asokhs* to keep the *obaccu* burning.

The English Bijou.

[THE above literary curiosity shines forth with unusual splendour this year—redolent of choice poetical and pictorial endearments. The likenesses of the Duchess of Sutherland, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Madame Persiani, Thomas Moore, Sir M. A. Shee, and W. Macready, although so tiny, (the Bijou being only three quarters of an inch, by half an inch,) are yet most prettily engraved, and distinctly thrown out.

The Poems by Mr. Lover, are worthy of him; particularly the following, to the memory of that gifted being whose transcendent talents gave this favoured annual a choice place in the annals of literature.]

To the Memory of L. E. L.

"How many the tear will shed,
When on this page they look,
And thy cold dream is read
In thine own tiny book!

The little gem, while thine,
With graceful joy was bright:
The fearful task is mine,
With grief to dim its light.

Untimely was thy fall,
Embalmer'd was thy fate—
Oh, that a leaf so small
Should tell of grief so great!"

There are also pleasing lines to Madame Persiani, Mrs. S. C. Hall, her Grace of Sutherland, and Sir M. A. Shee. We quote the two following:—

Thomas Moore, Esq.

"Oh, Erin! my Mother!—unrival'd in song.
Thine, thine are the melodies cherished so long.
Once heard, ne'er forgotten—to memory clinging,
And passions deep spell o'er the ravish'd soul fling-
ing.
So deep—without words we interpret the meaning,
Be it sorrow or joy, thy sweet notes are revealing.

We interpret the feeling; but words are not given
To music like thine, unless sent us from Heaven!
And Heaven to thy wishes a bright poet bore,
To interpret, as none did interpret before:—
Oh, Moore—thou wert blest with such strains to
inspire,
While the music hath caught a fresh charm from thy
lyre!"

W. C. Macready, Esq.

"Gifted master of thine art!
Hearing best the noblest part:
With lofty thought or depth of feeling,
Nature's varied traits revealing,
Moulding in the mimic scene
The forms of deeds that once have been.

Enough in this for human pride,
But prouder cause hast thou beside:
In mimic scene thou'st honour won!
More honour'd what thou'st really done—
Restored the glory of the stage;
Redeem'd what stigmatized an age."

Exclusive of all these attractions, this fairy calendar contains a complete Almanack; lists of the Royal Family, and of the Sovereigns of Europe; the Queen's ministers, and Ladies of her Court. And, what will be also prized,

a portrait of Prince Albert, which Mr. Schloss has liberally added; it is an acknowledged likeness of the intended consort of our youthful Queen.

The "English Bijou," forms a delightful Christmas present; and to such a pleasing purpose we have no doubt thousands of copies will be appropriated.

The Gift.

[THIS Annual is from the press of Carey and Hart, of Philadelphia, and does them the greatest credit. It is edited by Miss Leslie, who hath bespangled its pages with some of her most brilliant gems. The Engravings are pleasing, and highly characteristic. We extract the following Poem by the gifted Editor; it is illustrated with a Portrait of Don Quixotte, from a painting by C. R. Leslie, R. A.]

THE FRENCH IN LA MANCHA.

It is said that throughout the whole kingdom of Spain, and particularly in the classic district of La Mancha, the adventures of Don Quixotte are familiar even to the populace. The invasion of the French was repelled by the Spaniards with the most ferocious energy; and their red cockade of Ferdinand the Seventh realised its promise of no quarter to the assailants, and no mercy to the prisoners; while their sanguinary patriotism drew on them the relentless vengeance of the enemy, whose progress was tracked by unsparring devastation. Yet it is a historical fact, that when the French army arrived at Toboso, all hostile feeling subsided in the comic associations connected with the dwelling-place of Don Quixotte's mistress; and the inhabitants responded to this singular touch of sympathy. The troops of Napoleon marched gaily and amicably through the town, unmolested and unmolested, and bivouaced in its vicinity, exchanging acts of courtesy with the people, who were gratified to find that their national novel was known and appreciated even by the enemy that was spreading the horrors of war through their country.

When Castile, o'er thy waving land,
Napoleon's legions forced their way,
And Spaniards strove with heart and hand,
Against the bold invaders' sway.

Too well their badge of crimson die,
Redeemed its pledge of ruthless hate—
"War to the knife!" their battle-cry—
War to the knife their captives' fate.

Yet once the storm that raved so loud,
Was hush'd—and o'er La Mancha's plains,
One sunbeam shone from out the cloud,
And glitter'd on Toboso's fane.

Then fancy threw her rainbow arch,
Before the fierce invaders' view;
And brisk and jocund was their march,
As near Toboso's town they drew.

Chang'd was the cymbals' martial clang—
The war-drum's tones that peal'd so long—
And loudly from the bugle rang,
The merriest notes of dance and song.

And merriest thoughts came thronging fast,
To hearts long wear'd by rage and pain;—
And answering smiles and glances pass'd,
From lips of France and eyes of Spain.

From lattice and from balcony,
To bosom's damels view'd the foe;
And oft were greeted gallantly,
With swords and colours waving low.

The vet'ran with the conscript join'd,
In sportive glee as each essay'd;
Amid the gazing crowd to stand,
The wandering knight's enchanted maid.

'Twas then that knight of woful look,
Achiev'd a feat of true renown;
For Frenchmen knew the Spaniard's bow,
And Quixotte saved Dulcinea's town.

O! then, beneath the western star,
In twilight sky that brightly sets,
How gallantly went the light guitar,
How gaily went the castanets.

The Companion to the Almanac.

[THE selection of truly important information for which the above Annual has been long prized and celebrated, loses none of its interest in the volume for this year; but, on the contrary, enhances the value of this truly desirable compendium: it has a rich paper, entitled:—]

Historical Notes on Almanacs.

The almanac of our ancestors was completely *sui generis*; it was not sufficient for one to know the seasons, weathers, and predilections of man and beast, but dive he must into the coming political events, and discover what—

"Hairy meteors may pronounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns."

It was necessary that the whole chain of events should be laid before him as far as the combined systems of prophecy could accomplish the work. Since, therefore, modern prophecy is so closely connected with the *et cetera* of almanacs, it may not be irrelevant if we venture to make a few observations on this curious and interesting branch of inquiry, before we enter into the heart of our intended disquisition.

The pretended source of fore-knowledge was generally through the agency of conjured spirits. The following is translated from the *Clavicula Solomonis*, of which there is a manuscript in the Slonian collection in the British Museum.

"The first spirit is Bael, ruling in the East over sixty-six legions of angels; his principal power is to make mortals invisible. The *Jamen*, when known, is a sufficient preservative against his influence. The Solomonian spirits are seventy-two in number. The chief kings may be bound between 9 and 12 o'clock in the morning, and from 3 o'clock till sunset; marquesses from 3 o'clock till nine in the evening, and from 9 o'clock at night to sunrise; dukes from sunrise till noon, in fine weather only; prelates any hour of the day; and

knights from the dawn of day till sunrise, and from 4 o'clock P. M. till sunset."

This is circumstantial enough. We take an example, in pure jargon, from another MS. in the British Museum:—

"O you great, mighty and powerful King Amaimon, who bears rule by the power of the supreme GOD ELOVER, all spirits, both superior and inferior, of the infernal order, in the dominion of the east, I invoke and command you, by the especial and true name of God, and by God that you worship, and by the seal of your creation, and by the most mighty and powerful name of GOD JEHOVAH TETRAGRAMMATON, who cast you out of heaven, with all other infernal spirits, and by all the most powerful and great names of God, who created heaven and earth and hell, and all things contained in them, and by their powers and virtues, and by the name PRIMEUMATON, who commandeth the whole host of heaven, that you cause, inforce and compel the spirit N. to come unto me here before this circle, in a fair and comely shape, without doing any harm unto me, or any other creature, to answer truly and faithfully to all my requests, that I may accomplish my will and desires in knowing or obtaining any matter or thing which by office you know is proper for him to perform, or accomplish through the power of GOD ELOVER, who createth and disposeth both celestial, aerial, terrestrial and infernal!"

The prophecies of Ambrose Merlin were those which obtained the greatest celebrity in the middle ages, and were interpreted by different writers with various degrees of ingenuity, but with equal satisfaction and agreement. The following prophecies cannot, however, but be regarded as most remarkable coincidences:—

"But a young Lion he at length shall tame,
And send her enemy back from whence she came;
Much trouble shall be made about the crown,
And kings soon raised, and as soon put down."

which is said to refer to the contest of the rival roses at the commencement of the fifteenth century. The next one is a most singular account of the murder of the princes by Richard:—

"From the Herculean lion lately sphered,
And in his orb to Jove himself endared,
Shall shine two stars, without eclipse or cloud,
But they, as to some secret off'ring vowed,
Shall perish on the altar, ere they grow
To that full splendour, which the world they owe.
A hunch-buck'd monster, who with teeth is born,
The mockery of art, and nature's scorn;
Who from the womb preposterously is hurl'd,
And, with feet forward, thrust into the world,
Shall, from the lower earth on which he stood,
Wade every step he mounts here deep in blood,
He shall to the height of all his hopes aspire,
And cloth'd in state his ugly shape admire:
But when he thinks himself most safe to stand,
From Foreign parts a native whelp shall land,
Who shall the long divided blood unite,
By joining of the Red Lion with the White."

• MS. Sloane, 5731, p. 21.

But this is not much more remarkable than the following from the prophecies of Michael Nostradamus:—

"The blood of the innocent shall cause want and misery at London,
Burnt down to the ground in the year which is sixth
after sixty :
Such a fall will the old matron have from her high
seat ;
Then shall a great many of one and the same sect be
killed."

Or than the following, which also relates to the great fire of London, and which was written in 1652:—

"Shall London after this be burnt, Sir? Where
Will the fire first begin? At Westminster,
Or at Pie Corner. Sir, among the Cookes?
If starres can't tell you, pray what say your
bookes?"

As, however, Westminster and Pie-Corner were the two extremities of the metropolis, this is not so marvellous.

We cannot well vouch for the authenticity of the following prophecy, which is stated in a recent newspaper to have been discovered in the convenient resting-place of an old almanac:—

"By the power to see through the ways of heaven,
Is one thousand right hundred and thirty-seven,
Will the year pass away without any spring,
And on England's throne shall not sit a King."

The following are amongst some of the most curious early printed almanacs we possess.

1. Pronostycacyon of Mayster John Thybault, Medycyner and Astronomer of the Emperors Majesty, of the year of our Lorde God, MCCCCXXIIJ., comprehending the iiij. partes of this yere and of the influence of the mone, of peas and warre, and of the sykenesses of this yere, with the constellacions of them that be under the vij planettes, and the revolutions of kynges and princes, and of the eclipses and comets. 4to.

2. An Almimacke and prodigious premonstration, made for the yere of grace, 1566. By Michael Nostradamus. 12mo. *H. Denham.*

3. A Prognostication made for the yere of our Lorde God, 1579; wherein the change of the weather is briefly set forth, and the rysing of certayne notable starres, &c., referred to the meridian of the citie of Chester. By Alexander Mounslowe. 12mo. *Richard Watkins.*

4. The Kalender of Sheparden, fol. *Richard Pynson.*

The following hints to husbandmen are sensible:—

"Peers, go thou to plough, and take with the thy wife
Delve and drawe some barly, whete, and rye;
Of one make ten—this is a partyte lyfe,
As sayth Aristotyle, in his philosophy;
Thou wouldest nat studye to know astrology,
For if the wether be not to thy plesance,
Think ever God, of his devyne ordeunaunce." p. 502.

There are several editions of this curious book, which is a well-known translation from

• Edit. 1715, p. 49. See also MS. Laud. B. 96.
† Wright and Halliwell, *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, p. 70.

the French; see *Dibden's Typographical Antiquities*, ii. 526.

5. A Prognostication everlasting of right good effect. By *Leonard Digges*. 4to.

The editions of this book are very numerous, and are scarcely worth particularizing.

The following extract is given as explanatory of their methods of judging the weather:—

"Now ensue extraordinary tokens for the knowledge of the weather.

"Some have observed evil weather to follow, when water fowls leave the sea, desiring land; when the fowls of the land fly high; the crying of fowls about waters, and making great noises with their wings; also the seas swelling with unusual waves. If beasts eat greedily, if they lick their hoofs, if they suddenly move to and fro making a noise, breathing up to the air with open nostrils, rain will follow. And the busy heaving of moles, the appearance of worms, hens resorting to the roost covered with dust, declare rain. The ample working of the spinner in the air, the ant busied with her eggs, the bees in fair weather not farro wandering, the continual prating of the crow, show tempest. When the crow or raven gape against the sun in summer, heat followeth. If they busy themselves in washing, look for rain."

The same may be said of the fortunes of days:—

"Those observers of time are to be laught at that will go out of their house before they have had counsell of their Almanack, and will rather have the house fall on their heads than stir if they note some natural effect about the motion of the air, which they suppose will vary the lucky blasts of the stars, that will not marry, or traffic, or do the like, but under some constellation. These, sure, are no Christians: because faithfull men ought not to doubt that the Divine Providence from any part of the world, or from any time whatsoever, is absent. Therefore we should not impute any secular business to the power of the stars, but to know that all things are disposed by the arbitrement of the King of Kings. The Christian faith is violated, when, so like a Pagan and apostate, any man doth observe those days which are called Egyptian, or the calends of January, or any month, or days, or time, or year, either to travel, marry, or do any thing in."

T. Raynald printed the prognostication of Jasper Laet, "Doctor in Medecyne," for the year 1524: in this we have specimens of weather predictions:—

"The disposition of the summer.

"The summer of this year shall be dark at first, and sometimes fair weather, with much rain, tempest, thunder, and hail; the mists

• Melton's *Astrologaster*, p. 56; Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, edited by Sir Henry Ellis, i. 463.

that will certainly fall will be very dangerous for man's body. Moreover, the unhappy fire shall be marvelous dangerous, wherof every man may take heed. Many thieves shall reign this year, the which shall do great mischief.

"The disposition of the harvest."

"The harvest of this year shall be good in the beginning, and temperate, with thunder and tempest of wind, after that changing with wind and rain, and much perilous for the lands and towns lying near the sea-side, and especially Holland and Zealand.

"January."

"In January the fyrst quarter shal be upon the friday the thirde, sixth hour and fifty minutes at after-noon; wind and frost. The full-moon shall be upon the Saturday, the 11th day, at one of the clock, the xxij. minute after noon; wind, snow, and after that dry weather. The last quarter shall be upon the Friday the xvij. day, at three of the clock, the ii. minute after noon, with much moisture."

Of the nonsense with which almanacs of a somewhat later period were filled, we may instance the following couple of stanzas, from one of the year 1739:—

"A lawyer once thought surely he should die,
And order'd for a will immediately,
Quoth he, 'My wealth, e'en all I have to leave,
I unto Bedlam freely do bequeath.'

"His friends, uneasy, ask'd why so he did?
'Perhaps,' said he, 'the reason's from you hid.
I got it of mad men; the case is plain;
Then 'tis but just I leave 't to them again.'"

Or the following, in MS. Harl. 5937, where we find the following singular address:—

"To all that buy Almanacks."

"Gentlemen. A good new year to ye: and I believe you wish the like to us too, for that is but manners: But this is not all I have to say to ye. Do you think these sheets were printed for nothing! No: the bookseller swears that, if he thought you would not have bought um, he would never have published um; and he swears further, that if you don't buy um now, he will never print um again. Thus you see 'tis in your power either to vex or please him. Do which you will, and so farewell."

Thus were the various tastes of almanac buyers attempted to be satisfied. At a later period we have too many and varied annuals to require twaddle in the almanac, a description of periodical which is daily becoming more extensively useful, and more suited to the increasing popular desire for useful knowledge. In the *Companion to the Almanac* for 1829 will be found a comparison between the astrological almanacs of the seventeenth century and those of the present time: we beg leave to refer the reader to that article also for several particulars which might have been expected to have found a place in this brief notice.

ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

On entering the interior of St. Sophia, (observes a modern traveller,) the eye is attracted by the costly splendour of the surrounding objects; the walls, pillars, arches, aisles, and the ground, consisting of the most precious kinds of porphyry and marble. The open walk, leading through the centre, is covered with rich Turkish and Persian carpeting. The cupola, which is one hundred and fifteen feet in diameter, is so shallow that the depth of the dome does not exceed nineteen feet. The architectural boldness of this part of the building is great: some explanation of its success has been offered, in the nature of the bricks employed, which are said to be of so light a clay, from Rhodes, that twelve of them weigh no more than one of those in common use. Procopius, in his description of this master-piece of art, says, "The cupola of the holy Sophia appears so lightsome and airy, that it looks as if hung by a chain from heaven." To the main dome are added two lesser ones, each ninety-four feet in width, and these are flanked by two still smaller on each side, so that altogether, an oval figure is formed by the several cupolas: the light is admitted by means of twenty-four windows. During the nights of the month Ramadan, there are suspended from the arches, some thousands of lamps of variegated glass, interspersed with painted ostrich eggs, artificial flowers, and similar decorations. In the cupola, is written, in letters ten yards long, the thirty-sixth verse of the twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran. In the space below there are forty columns, a particular number much approved of among eastern nations; whilst in the galleries there are sixty, which, together with the seven over the gates, make the entire quantity, one hundred and seven, which is another numeral, regarded by the Moslems in a mystical light. At the end of the upper gallery, towards the west, is an enclosed space, the walls of which are covered with a collection of Grecian sacred pictures; and many others confusedly thrown together, are strewed around upon the floor. During the period that St. Sophia was used as a Christian church, the high altar stood in the under space, towards the east. In this niche the Turks have erected the mihrab, which is a repository in the form of a chest, ornamented with gold inscriptions, and wherein the Koran is preserved. It being deemed necessary by Mahomedans, that the mihrab should always be placed in the direction of Mecca, that at St. Sophia is situated towards the south-east, by which means it is placed sideways in the niche, instead of in the middle. The faithful having, likewise, during the time of prayer, to turn their face in the same direction, the whole of the congregation are compelled to stand in a slanting position. Close to the mihrab, near a small column, is the marble mimer, or pulpit; on each side of which a flag is placed. The mimer rests upon

low pillars, and is shaped like a sofa; in the niche opposite the altar is the pew of the sultan, enclosed by a golden railing, and richly carpeted. There are likewise two fountains, the same as in Catholic temples, which Muhrad III. brought from the island of Marmora; they contain cold water, which is devoted to the refreshment of the faithful.

St. Sophia, (says M. Tournefort,) is the most perfect of all the mosques: its situation is advantageous, for it stands in one of the best and finest parts of Constantinople, at the top of the ancient Byzantium, and of an eminence that descends gradually down to the sea by the point of the Seraglio. This church, which is certainly the finest structure in the world, next to St. Peter's at Rome, looks to be very unweildly without. The plan is almost square, and the dome, which is the only thing worth remarking, rests outwardly on four prodigious large towers, which have been added of late years to support this vast building, and make it immovable, in a country where whole cities are often overthrown by earthquakes. The frontispiece has nothing grand, nor answerable to the ideas men have of St. Sophia. You first enter in at a portico, about six toises broad, which, in the time of the Greek emperors, served for a vestibulum. This portico communicates with the church by nine marble folding-doors, the leaves whereof, which are brass adorned with basso-reliefs, are extremely magnificent; on the middlemost of them you see some figures of mosaic work, as well as some paintings. The vestibulum is joined to another, which is parallel to it, but has no more than five brass doors, without basso-reliefs; the leaves were charged with crosses, but the Turks have only left the upright post of these crosses, and have taken away the cross-beam of them. You do not enter front-wise into these two vestibulums, but only at doors opened on the sides; and according to the rules of the Greek church, these vestibulums were necessary for the placing of those that were distinguished, either for being about to receive the sacraments, or undergo public penance. Parallel to these vestibulums, the Turks have built a great cloister, for lodging the officers of the mosque. A dome of an admirable structure holds the place of a nave; at the foot of this dome runs a colonnade, which bears a gallery five toises broad; the arch-work of which is exquisite. In the interspaces of the columns, the parapet is adorned with crosses in bas-relief: these the Turks have used very ill. By some it is called Constantine's gallery: it was formerly set apart for the women. At the roof, and on the cornice of the dome, runs a small gallery; or rather a balustrade, no broader than just for one person to pass at a time; and above this is also another. These balustrades make a marvellous figure in time of the ramezan, when they are all adorned with lamps. The columns of this dome have scarcely any swelling, and their chapiters looked to be of a sin-

gular order. The dome is eighteen toises from wall to wall, and rests upon four huge pillars, about eight toises thick: the arch seems a perfect hemisphere, illuminated with twenty-four windows, disposed in a circumference. From the east part of this dome, you pass straight on to the demi-dome, which terminates the edifice. This dome, or shell, was the sanctuary of the Christians, and the great altar was placed there. Mahomet II., having conquered this city, went and sat here with his legs crossed under him, after the manner of the Turks; after saying his prayers, he caused himself to be shaved, and then fastened to one of the pillars, where was the patriarch's throne, a fine piece of embroidered stuff, with Arabic characters on it, which had served as a screen in the mosque of Mecca. Such was the consecration of St. Sophia. There is at present in this sanctuary, nothing but the niche where they keep the Alcoran; it looks towards Mecca, and the Mussulmans always turn that way when they say their prayers. The Mufti's chair, which is placed near this niche, is raised on several steps, and on the side of it is a kind of pulpit for the officers to repeat certain prayers. This mosque, built like a Greek cross, is in the clear, forty-two toises long, and thirty-eight broad; the dome takes up almost all this square. The whole dome is lined or paved with varieties of marble; the incrustations of the gallery are mosaic, mostly done with cubes or dice of glass, which are loosened every day from their ornament, but their colour is unalterable.

There are in St. Sophia, (says Pococke,) eight porphyry pillars, and as many of *verd-antique*, which, I believe, for their size, are not to be exceeded in the world. The dome being supported by four large piers, between them are four *verd-antique* pillars on each side; and a semi-circle being formed at each corner by these and four more piers; there are two porphyry pillars in each of them, and it appears, plainly, that there was a third; for there is an arch filled up next to each pier, which was doubtless done in order to strengthen those piers, the building having visibly given way at the south-west corner, where the pillars of the gallery hang over very much. Two of the porphyry pillars in the portico of Soliman, might be taken from this mosque; and probably the other two might be found if all the mosques and the seraglios were examined. These pillars are about two feet and a half in diameter, and of a proportionable height; there are two pillars of *verd-antique* in the galleries over them. Eight large porphyry pillars in St. Sophia, are mentioned as taken out of a temple of the sun, built by Valerian, and sent by Marcia, a Roman widow, to the emperor Justinian; so that if the others were of porphyry, they must have been taken from some other place. There are two porticos to the church: the inner one is lined with fine marbles. The mosque strikes the eye at the first entrance, the dome being very large;

but a great beauty is lost, as the mosaic is all destroyed, excepting a very little at the east-end; so that all the top is whitened over, but the sides are wainscoted with porphyry, *verd-antique*, and other rare oriental marbles. It is hung with a great number of glass lamps, and the pavement is spread with the richest carpets, where the *sophtis* are always studying and repeating the Koran; and the doctors are preaching and explaining it in different parts of the mosque, to their separate auditories. The top is covered with lead, and there is a gallery round on the outside of the cupola. This mosque makes a much meaner and heavier appearance on the outside, than the mosques that are built in imitation of it. On the south side of it, the Grand Signior has erected a very small but neat library; there are presses round it, and two in the middle for the manuscripts. The windows open to a court, round which the mausoleums of three sultans are finely built of marble; and in one of the windows of the library there is a safe for the Grand Signior, when he is pleased to come and hear the law read in this place.

I know of no monument of antiquity (remarks Mr. Hobhouse,) that has excited so much curiosity, both among the learned and the unlearned, as St. Sophia. For its dimensions and integrity, it may be thought incomparably more curious than any other relic of former ages; but, in every other respect, it must disappoint any sanguine expectation. Its external appearance is that of a vast building, whose ill-assorted construction requires a proportionate heaviness of mass to preserve it standing and entire. The weighty buttresses, and the attached compartments of the temple, falling in a succession of pent-house, from the spring of the arch to within a few feet of the ground, nearly conceal, and totally ruin any effect which might otherwise be produced by the height and expanse of its far-famed dome. The interior, to which you descend by five steps, seems at first sight magnificently spacious, and not broken with the aisles and choirs, nor deformed by the railings and tombs of modern churches; but your admiration diminishes as you proceed with your inspection. The beauty of the variegated marble floor is concealed by a covering of mats; and the dome, as well as the body of the building, is spoiled by a thousand little cords, depending from the summit within four feet of the pavement, and having at the end of them lamps of coloured glass, large ostrich-eggs, artificial horse-tails, vases and globes of crystal, and other mean ornaments. The columns appear too large for the arches which they support, and the carving of their capitals can scarcely be more painful to the eyes of an architect than to those of a common observer. Grelot knew not to what order they belonged, or by what name to describe their style, unless he called it a sort of Gothicised Greek. From a change in the arrangement of the sanctuary, the line of the nave does not seem at right

angles with the large circular recess, called in former times *Cyellon*, in which the Christian altar was placed; for the marble pulpit of the Imaum, with its attached flight of steps, projects from the left side of it, and the mats, together with a descent of two steps, being so arranged as to give another direction to the chord of the arc; the whole of one wing, and the grand diameter of the base, have an appearance of distortion. The alteration has been caused by the desire of the Mahometans to point the centre of the sanctuary directly towards Mecca, which being formerly due east, is, by the above contrivance, drawn a little to the southward of that quarter. At this new centre is a niche, with a large chandelier on each side, called the *Mirabo*, or *Maharabe*, which is the repository of the Koran. The upper part of the walls is defaced by miserable little squares of red, white, and blue paint. The tessellated mosaic with which the concave above the windows, and the dome are encrusted, and specimens of which, taken from the ceiling of an adjoining oratory, are sold to strangers, is not visible to those standing in the body of the mosque. It is composed of very minute squares, formed of some vitreous substance, gilded and tinged with paint. The upper part of the walls is heavy and dark, and the vault scarcely rises into an arch, but shews, indeed, an inward depression from the summit towards the centre of the cupola. With a diameter of one hundred and fifteen feet, it is only eighteen in depth, and not more than one hundred and eighty from the pavement. The closing of the arcades of the upper *Gynaikotion*, or female gallery, where there is now only a-railed ledge large enough to enable the servants of the mosque to walk round and light the lamps, has contributed to the heavy darkness of the dome. My general impression was, that the skill of the one hundred architects, the labour of the ten thousand workmen, and the wealth of an empire, had raised a stupendous monument of the heavy mediocrity which distinguished the productions of the sixth century from the perfect specimens of a happier age.

W. G. C.

It is respectfully mentioned to the Subscribers that the

PORTRAIT
OF HIS SERENE HIGHNESS,
PRINCE ALBERT,

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